

EDITORIAL SECTION

LITERATURE

SCIENCE

ART

DRAMA

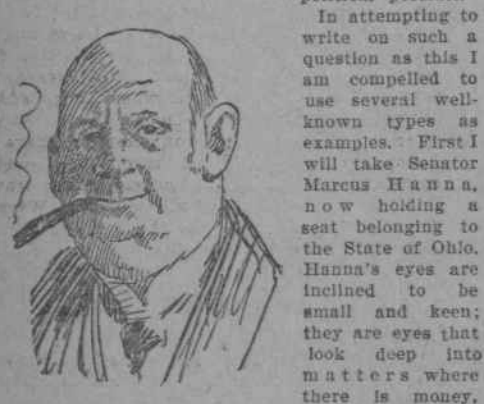
Cartoons That Make Men Wince.

THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING THE WICKED SQUIRM.

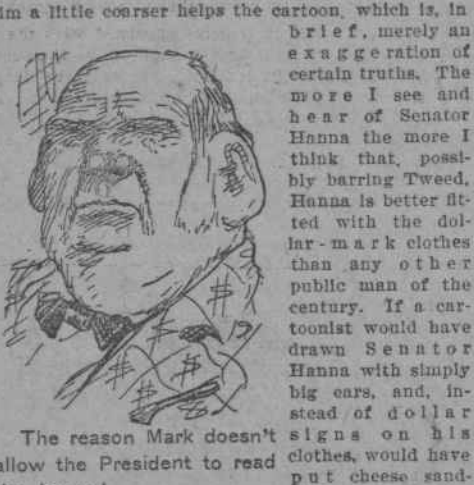
How to Rub It In Scientifically.

BY HOMER DAVENPORT.

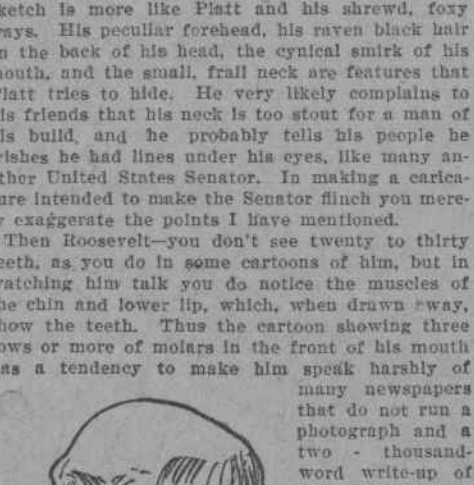
To draw a cartoon that will be a pleasant advertisement for the man or men whom it is intended to hurt is, indeed, doing them a kindness. The cartoonists who do such drawings are very popular with the men they cartoon and very unpopular with the people they are trying to help. Indeed, to be such is very embarrassing, as you are held in contempt by your friends and smiled at by your so-called enemies.



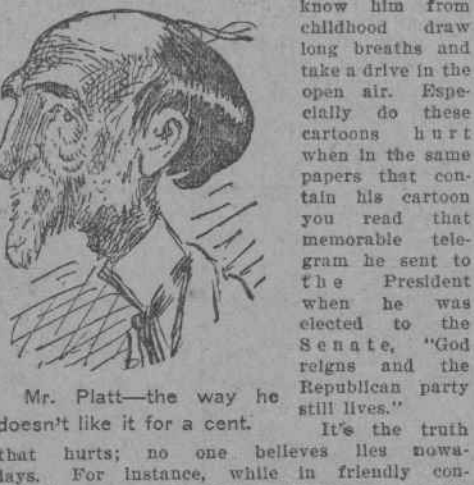
A caricature of Senator Hanna by an artist in the Middle West, who, Mr. Hanna thinks, is the greatest humorist of his time. He is less popular with the Senator. His nose is short and very stout at the base, and with a rise at the point. This also can be nicely exaggerated. Next, his ears, which are the most prominent of any of his features; the Senator's ears are as big and as shapely as well-developed plant leaves. Any old thing you care to draw, if it has room on the paper, will do for Hanna's ears and at the same time add to your picture of Hanna. In general make-up the Senator, while a rather competent-looking business man, has a coarse appearance, and to make



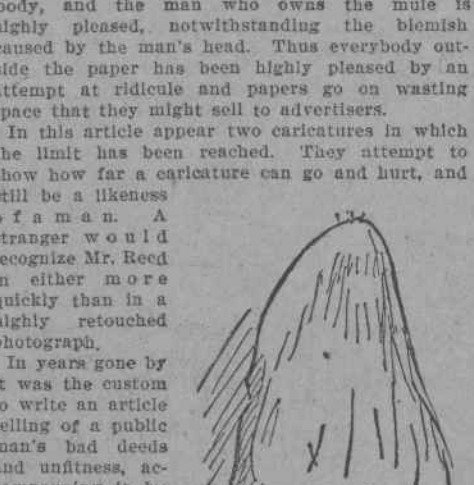
The reason Mark doesn't allow the President to read the Journal. Senator would have laughed his sides out, thinking the man who drew it the greatest humorist, barring Alger, of his time, and would likely have invited him with the President to take a rest at his summer home in Georgia. But if such a cartoonist had drawn what we have just described on Hanna's clothes, what significance would it have? It wouldn't have applied any more to Hanna than it would to his private secretary. Therefore the Senator's laugh. When you calmly consider that the man and his money have accomplished everything that he ever tried to do, then it is that the dollar marks are unpleasant to him, as it betrays his character to the stranger as well as to his friends. Take a man whose personality provokes hisses on the street, whose face and character and past record couldn't enable him to run for keeper of the city dog pound in his own home in Ohio, and yet whose money has bought him a President, the best most cooked, and a seat in the Senate, and whose money will continue to buy as long as things are for sale—what other pattern of cloth could he wear?



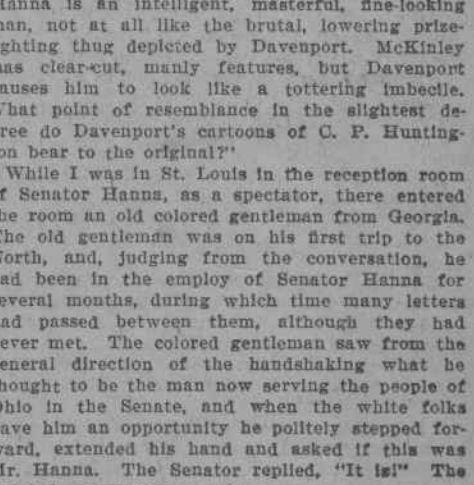
Mr. Platt—the way he doesn't like it for a cent. That hurts; no one believes less now than that. For instance, while in friendly conversation once with Senator Hanna he complimented me by saying, "that he didn't believe the cartoonists of Mr. Bryan made as much of their opportunity as I could have done had I been on the other side." Well, disrobe Hanna and put his clothes on Bryan. What would the dollar marks mean unless to remind Mr. Bryan of his poverty or to stand for the money the trusts would give him to quit? A Senator once said to me in all seriousness, "How is it you manage to dig up just that which a man wants hid?" And on that one question hinges the success or failure of the caricature that hurts. In some smaller cities of the country the editors force a portrait artist to do cartoons, and the result is sometimes very funny. He draws the face of the condemned politician, carefully from a photograph, and without an expression of mirth or sorrow, puts the head on the body of a nicely drawn mule. As a result, the man caricatured is pleased, because the likeness is so flattering that it more than offsets the mule's



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"THE DESIRE OF NATIONS" (A Stirring Religious Poem of the Day) BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Mr. Markham is the author of "The Man with the Hoe," a poem which appeared in the San Francisco Examiner one day and electrified the West. This poem, which has taken its place among American classics, is herewith reprinted. "The Desire of Nations" is Mr. Markham's latest effort. Its beautiful poetry, its sincerity and the note of hopefulness which it strikes combine to make it one of the most remarkable pieces of writing that has appeared since the "Recessional" of Kipling.

THE DESIRE OF NATIONS.

(Copyright, 1899, by W. R. Hearst.)

And the Government will be upon His shoulders and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Isaiah.

Earth will go back to her lost youth, And life grow deep and wonderful as truth, When the wise King out of the nearing Heaven comes, To break the spell of long millennium— To build with song again The broken hope of men— To hush and heroize the world, Beneath the flag of Brotherhood unfurled. And He will come some day: Already is His star upon the way. He comes, O world, He comes, But not with bugle-cry nor roll of doubling drums.

Nay, for He comes to loosen and unbind, To build the lofty purpose in the mind, To stir the heart's deep chord. No rude horns parleying, no shock of shields; Nor as of old the glory of the Lord To half-awakened shepherds in the fields, Looking with foolish faces on the rush Of the great splendor, when the pulsing hush Came o'er the hills, came o'er the Heavens afar Where on the cliff of stars the watching seraphs are.

Nor as of old when first the Strong One trod The Power of sepulchres—our Risen God, When on that deathless morning in the dark, He quit the Garden of the Sepulchre, Setting the oleander boughs asir,

And pausing at the gate with backward hark, Nay, nor as when the Hero-King of Heaven Came with upbraiding to His faint Eleven, And found the world-way to His bright feet barred, And hopeless then because men's hearts were hard. Nor will He come like carnal kings of old, With pomp of pilfered gold; Nor like the Pharisees with pride of prayer; Nor as the stumbling foolish stewards dream— In tedious argument and milkless creed, But in the passion of the heart-warm deed Will come the Man Supreme,

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden of the world. Who made him dead to rapture and despair, A thing that grieves not and that never hopes, Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox? Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw? Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over sea and land; To trace the stars and search the heavens for power; To feel the passion of Eternity? Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns

Yea, for He comes to lift the Public care— To build on Earth the Vision hung in air. This is one fulfillment of His Law— The one Fact in the mockeries that seem. This is the Vision that the prophets saw— The Comrade Kingdom built in their dream. No, not as in that elder day Comes now the King upon the human way. He comes with power; His white, unfearing face Shines through the Social Passion of the race. He comes to frame the freedom of the Law, To touch these men of Earth

And pillared the blue firmament with light? Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf There is no shape more terrible than this— More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed— More filled with sighs and portents for the soul— More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim! Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades? What the long reaches of the peaks of song, The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through this dread shape the suffering ages look; Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop; Through this dread shape humanity betrayed, Plundered, profaned and disinherited, Cries protest to the Judges of the World, A protest that is also prophecy.

With a feeling of life's oneness and its worth, A feeling of its mystery and awe. And when He comes into the world gone wrong He will rebuild her beauty with a song. To every heart He will its own dream be: One moon has many phantoms in the sea. Out of the North the Norms will cry to men: "Balder, the Beautiful, has come again!" The flutes of Greece will whisper from the dead: "Apollo has unveiled his sunbright head!" The stones of Thebes and Memphis will find voices "Osiris come: O, tribes of time, rejoice!"

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Is this the handiwork you give to God, This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched? How will you ever straighten up this shape; Give back the upward looking and the light; Rebuild in it the music and the dream; Touch it again with immortality; Make right the immortal infamies, Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, How will the Future reckon with this Man? How answer his brute question in that hour When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world? How will it be with kingdoms and with kings— With those who shaped him to the thing he is— When this dumb Terror shall reply to God After this silence of the centuries?

And social architects who build the State, Serving the Dream at citadel and gate, Will hail Him coming through the labor-hum. And glad, quick cries will go from man to man: "Lo, He has come, Our Christ, the Artisan— The King who loved the lilies, He has come!"

He will arrive, our Counsellor and Chief, And with bleak faces lighted up will come The earth-worn mothers from their martyrdom To tell Him of their grief. And glad girls carolling from field and town Will go to meet Him with the labor-crown, The new crown woven of the heading wheat, And men will sit down at His sacred feet; And He will say—the King— "Come, let us live the poetry we sing!" And these His burning words will break the ban— Words that will grow to be On continent, on sea, The rallying cry of man.

He comes to make the long injustice right— Comes to push back the shadow of the night, The gray Tradition full of flint and flaw— Comes to wipe out the insults to the whole, The insults of the Few against the Whole, The insults we make righteous with a law,

Yea, He will bear the Safety of the State, For in His still and rhythmic steps will be The power and music of Alcione, Who holds the swift Heavens in their starry fate. Yea, He will lay on souls the power of Peace, And send on Kingdoms torn the sense of Home— More than the fire of Joy that burned on Greece, More than the light of Law that rose on Rome.

"The Committee Will Accomplish Nothing."

THE INSINCERITY OF THE MAZET COMMITTEE.

"More Corruption Than Ever Before."

BY REV. DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

So widespread has the bleeding of vice become in the great cities of this country that the people have at last been stirred to a realizing sense of the necessity of action. The methods of exacting tribute from the criminal classes by the police have been changed somewhat, but the principle is still there. The fact that blood money is demanded and received by the officers and other members of the police force is capable of demonstration in every city of the United States whose population numbers 50,000. I am in communication with gentlemen in Philadelphia, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago—all showing decidedly that the time is approaching when in municipal affairs there is going to be a temporary extinguishment of party, and a tidal wave will engulf the unformed aids of vice. Vice and venality have too often won the battles against virtue and common decency. Now the case is going to be reversed.

I am free to say I do not believe in concerned action so far as the union of cities is concerned. We have now a National Municipal Reform Association, or what is equivalent to it. In its way it has unquestionably accomplished good, but, generally speaking, we cannot hope for that broad success which must be achieved in order to reach the desired end. Every city must act for itself, because it knows itself. How can you expect a man who lives in Cincinnati to be familiar with the proper methods to adopt in putting down official corruption and a riot of vice in Philadelphia? Could you expect a resident of Detroit to have the necessary familiarity with Chicago which must be possessed by those who lead a reform movement in the latter city?

I recall when the Lexow Committee came to New York City its counsel was Mr. Sutherland—a very good man. I do not doubt, in his own section of the State; but he knew absolutely nothing about New York. Why, if you had put him in the streets of New York after dark, I am sure he would have immediately lost his way. How could this man guide the committee in securing evidence of the evils that bound New York City hand and foot? Nor was it until Recorder Goff sank his harpoon in

the inquiry should amount to anything. Investigation of a city must be conducted by men thoroughly familiar with that city. There is more corruption among the police to-day than there ever has been. So long as the police believe themselves free to levy tribute and the criminal and vicious classes understand they can buy protection there will always be corruption. New York has been held up to the country as the most vicious case. What is true of the police of New York is true of the police of Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and, in fact, of every city in this country in which 50,000 persons live.

The residents of every municipality must take a lesson from the bosses. When strife narrows down to a personal interest the bosses put party aside and act according to their personal interests. This is exactly what the people must do, and it is just what they are going to do. Take New York as an instance of the first comparison. Mr. Platt is a Republican, Mr. Croker is a Democrat. Ostensibly they are bitter political foes. In reality they work together. There was no talk of an investigation in New York until Mr. Platt returned from Florida and went to Albany. Mr. Platt inspired the appointment of the Mazet Committee. If at any time this Mazet investigation should reach a point where either political party leaders would be seriously injured it will be shelved. It makes less difference about the small fry, but the politicians in high places are sure to receive protection. Mr. Platt will not allow Mr. Croker to be personally injured. Mr. Croker will not allow Mr. Platt to be personally injured. If any one is injured it will be the people. They always suffer when the suffering must be either theirs or the bosses'. The time to investigate is just before an election. An investigation held at any other time is almost sure to be of small effect. No matter how much the public learns as to how badly it has been abused, it forgets all about it in a comparatively short time. The probe is felt when it is inserted, but when the pain ceases forgetfulness comes.